THE
NATION

MAY 4, 1957 . . 25c

Dalton Trumbo

BLACKLIST = BLACK MARKET

EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

Molecular Derangement

Dear Sirs: Molecules and Mental Illness by Gene Marine in your April 20 issue refers to the work of Dr. Linus Pauling, who describes a chemical approach to mental illness which he believes to be the only solution of the whole problem. This approach is based on the scientific study of a disease which has nothing to do with mental illness, namely sickle-cell anemia. Dr. Pauling has proved that this disorder includes an alteration in the structure of the hemoglobin molecule. This is the sum total of scientific evidence which is offered in the article in support of Dr. Pauling's thesis.

The article proceeds without further proof by way of an analogy; that another disease which is in fact associated with mental disease might on further study turn out to include a change in molecular structure. This is a disturbance of chemical metabolism known as phenylketonuria. This is a rare disease which is responsible for one case in a hundred of mental deficiency, according to the article. Mental deficiency is relatively uncommon. Proof of the molecular derangement, if any, lies in the future.

Dr. Pauling is quoted as saying at a lecture: "I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the result of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual." This quotation contains two radical statements, both of them completely unproved. Worse than this, it embodies a theory of causality which is not applicable to human illness; i.e., the idea of a one-to-one causal relationship. No disease, physical or mental, can be adequately understood on the theory that it has any one origin or cause. Pauling contends that the root of the matter might as logically be molecules as mother love. This statement is true to the letter; that is, both alternatives are valid and neither one excludes the other. But this is only part of the truth; neither statement singly nor both together can exclude any one of a host of other etiological factors. From the point of view of treatment that aspect of the illness is the most important for which a technique is available for treatment. Here again one aspect does not exclude another; treatment from one angle does not exclude treatment from another.

The issue set up by Dr. Pauling is a false issue. It is no less than tragic that his audience accepted the issue as real and debated it as such. Thus Dr. Pauling has succeeded only in adding to the confusion which still exists in thinking about mental illness. Mr. Marine's article serves chiefly to disseminate the same confusion.

The inadequacies of Dr. Pauling's thinking should not, however, obscure the possibility that he may discover an important aspect of mental illness, namely molecular derangement. The importance of such a discovery for mental disease in general may well wait the proof that the derangement actually exists.

HENRY B. RICHARDSON, M.D.
New York City

Puerto Rican Workers

Dear Sirs: I found Dan Wakefield's article on The Vulnerable Stranger in your April 19 issue extremely interesting. However, I believe that certain inaccuracies which relate to the U. S. Department of Labor's Federal Wage and Hour Division should be rectified. Mr. Wakefield emphasized the point that the two Spanish-speaking investigators had lost their jobs because they were "non-vital federal employees," which I feel is an inference that the Department of Labor wasn't and isn't concerned with the plight of the Puerto Rican worker in our midst.

The facts are these: A reduction of $1,400,000 in the Wage-Hour Division's appropriation in the summer of 1953 required the elimination of 329 positions. Approximately 100 investigator positions were involved. The reduction in force which followed was conducted in strict accordance with retention-preference regulations of the Civil Service Commission. The two men referred to in the article were in the lowest retention group because they did not have permanent career status; they were good investigators and we would have liked to retain them, but unfortunately could not.

Our concern with the problems affecting Puerto Rican workers in New York is just as urgent today as it was then. As a matter of fact, for the past two years during which we set up field offices in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan Downtown and Manhattan Uptown, our efforts among and in behalf of the "vulnerable stranger" have been intensified. Each office today has at least one investigator who is fluent in the Spanish language. In addition, there is a Spanish interpreter attached to our regional office, which is located at 900 U. S. Parcel Post Building, 341 Ninth Avenue, New York 1, New York, who is available for consultation at all times.

Names and addresses of the investigation supervisor in charge of each of our New York field offices can be obtained from the regional office (telephone: LA 4-9400).

ROBERT R. RICHMOND
Director, Division of Information,
Wage and Hour and Public
Contracts Division of the
U. S. Department of Labor
Washington, D. C.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Atomitis

Washington

The other day the embassy of India asked the State Department about a report that the United States may supply nuclear weapons to Pakistan. The Indians were assured that it isn't true.

A few months ago world-wide circulation was given to a United Press report that the United States is forming fourteen atomic-support units. The story mentioned a number of spots where the units are expected to be stationed; they included Japan and Okinawa. The report served to intensify Japan's growing anti-Americanism. But a senior Pentagon officer has assured this correspondent that U.S. nuclear-support formations would be established in any country only with that country's consent. The U.P. account was inexact: the Defense Department is organizing not fourteen but six units; one is in existence, based on Verona, Italy, and the other five are to be in the field before mid-1958.

At his April 17 news conference, President Eisenhower said the American agreement to supply guided missiles to Britain is the only such arrangement the United States *now* has. "Now" is the key word. We are equipping other NATO partners with atomic artillery and, while keeping the warheads in American possession, training our allies in the use of nuclear armaments.

One of the conditions the West imposed in restoring sovereignty to West Germany two years ago was that state's renunciation of the manufacture of atomic weapons. The United States is likely to supply the weapons instead, thus evading the law we ourselves helped to impose. Chancellor Adenauer is expected to discuss the matter on his forthcoming visit here.

America is acquiring a world-wide reputation for being atom-happy. Our aim is to frighten the Communist camp, above all the Soviet Union, by enlarging the danger to any potential aggressor. We have probably succeeded in this, for there is hardly another explanation for the shower of Russian notes which descended upon Britain, France, West Germany, Scandinavia, Turkey, Greece and Japan, warning of the vengeance in store for those offering themselves as American nuclear outposts.

However, we are alarming many besides the Russians. We have disquieted the Japanese and Indians. If we enable the new *Bundesheer* to use nuclear armaments, we will reap scant gratitude from many Europeans who won't distrust the German bearing arms any the less because the arms are atomic.

We don't have to hunt far afield for the causes of Soviet fear. Bases available to America ring the Soviet Union. From these airfields, American jet bombers carrying hydrogen explosives can strike at the heart of the USSR. From launching sites around Soviet borders, nuclear missiles can be fired into Russian industrial centers. By contrast, except for an occasional submarine which might break through, the Soviet route to America extends only across the long polar reaches.

Thus, for the present, the United States has a strategic advantage in the positional race between the two great nuclear powers. For how long? Estimates vary that it will be five to ten years before the intercontinental missile, which would presumably minimize if not end the American temporary edge against Russia, becomes a reality.

The belief is spreading that in order to keep our provisional advantage, we are marking time on nuclear-arms limitation. Yet for a growing number of people the choice is increasingly urgent between abolishing nuclear warfare and abolishing man.

What is USIA?

Just what is the United States Information Agency? An information agency, a propaganda bureau, a booking agency, a psychological warfare brigade, a means of subsidizing "our friends" in foreign lands, an overseas subsidiary of the Advertising Council? Reading the transcript of the hearings on the agency's budget, one can only be sure of one thing: that USIA, because it functions without a policy, is spending money on some superlatively silly projects. Fifty-one pages of closely-set type are required merely to list the free-lance writers who have been given assignments by USIA; the subjects range from a piece about Mr. Yap Yin Fah, tin-mine owner, to a comment on the performance of a liturgical mass in Canton, Ohio. At a fee of $1,800, a Mr. Michael Lever is commissioned to write four pamphlets for distribution in Latin America on such subjects as "How To Spot a Communist." The "People's Capitalism" exhibit sponsored in Bogota prompted Mr. William Hines of the Washington *Star*, who was on the spot, to observe that the Colombians seemed to be

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more interested in the Russian presentation of "things" than in the American presentation of "ideas." $100,000 is spent to help subsidize an anti-Communist film which is shown in *American* theatres; USIA officials refuse to explain this covert brainwashing, but concede that the film was "quite a flap. . . . Unfortunately . . . films on strongly anti-Communist themes from a financial point of view are extremely bad." After a day of listening to presentations of these and similar projects by USIA officials, Representative Cliff Clevenger of Ohio exploded: "Great Caesar's Ghost!"

The President has stated the purpose of USIA: "To submit evidence to the peoples of other countries by means of communication techniques that the policies and objectives of the United States are in harmony with, and will support, their legitimate aspirations for freedom, progress and peace." True, American diplomatic practice often seems to empty the directive of all meaning. But the USIA, which seems to have no conception of its function, compounds the sabotage. Until Mr. Arthur Larson can adopt a coherent policy and sensible program for USIA—he was appointed director only two months ago—the Administration will have scant cause to complain if Congress slashes its budget. Some slashing is clearly in order.

Waiting for Dulles

Pope Pius, Albert Schweitzer, Nehru, and eighteen top German nuclear scientists urge suspension of further H-bomb tests. Mr. John Foster Dulles isn't listening. Key A.E.C. scientists—Dr. John H. Harley and Dr. W. L. Russell—call attention to dangers arising from a continuance of the tests. Mr. Dulles has no comment. Dr. Masatoshi Matsushita, Japan's "voice of conscience," calls on Mr. Dulles to urge this country to agree to a suspension of the tests, calling attention to the fact that the Ministry of Welfare in Japan has advised housewives to boil drinking water and wash fresh fruits and vegetables as a precaution against radiation contamination. Mr. Dulles is pleasant but adamant. In London, D. G. Arnott, secretary of the Atomic Science Committee of the Association of Scientific Workers, states that medical experiments which might save human life are becoming impossible because of the increased "background" of radiation. Other British scientists estimate that explosions of hydrogen bombs might "eventually produce bone cancer in 1,000 people for every million tons of TNT or equivalent explosive power." Mr. Dulles has no comment. The Russians suggest to the British an agreement to suspend further tests. Reactions in London and Washington are "negative." Asked why Great Britain, Russia and the United States do not agree to stop the tests, Dr. Schweitzer points out that only in Japan is public opinion actively aroused. American radio and TV networks fail to carry his statement, although it is broadcast in fifty countries the day it is issued. Queried, Mr. Dulles announces that this country will continue with the tests until the scientists can reach agreement that they are perilous.

Like a youngster enchanted by the boom of a toy cannon, Mr. Dulles keeps clapping his hands and demanding "just one more test," every time it is suggested that this country take the lead in announcing a suspension. There is no point in waiting for Mr. Dulles to act. Only a clamorous public insistence that the tests be suspended immediately will induce the Administration to take the initiative.

Day of Triumph

Another ordeal of the cold-war years has come to an end with the announcement by the State Department that Joseph M. Franckenstein, husband of novelist Kay Boyle, has been cleared of security charges. Mr. Franckenstein, who had a most distinguished record of service with United States military and underground forces in World War II, was dismissed by the State Department in 1953 as a security risk. For the last four years, he has been fighting these charges without ever being given the names of his accusers, much less a chance to face them. It took rare courage on his part and on the part of his wife—a valued *Nation* contributor (see p. 390 this issue)—to make a public statement about their case before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, chaired by Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., after all other available remedies had been exhausted. But courage has a way of being vindicated and from the miasma of the cold-war years, the fighters are beginning to emerge as the winners.

Piaster Diplomacy

Washington

Next Wednesday's arrival in Washington of Ngo Dinh Diem, president of the Republic of Vietnam, has had an unhappy prologue. About to ask for increased assistance, he has been told that American aid to his country ought to be cut in half.

The recommendation came from the chairman of the board of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Clement Johnston, who led a survey of American aid operations in Southeast Asia in behalf of a special Congressional group. Mr. Johnston revealed in his report that manipulation of Vietnam's currency, the piaster, is costing U.S. taxpayers $20,000,000 a month. Vietnamese merchants, says the report, are lining their pockets by importing U.S. goods at the official rate of 35 piasters to the dollar and selling them at a 75 to 100 rate.

The Johnston findings conclude that "the great need of these people is to be let alone militarily so as to devote maximum effort to correcting a deplorably low level of education, sanitation and economic productivity." Vietnam's armed forces, the report states, are

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larger than the internal security situation requires.

The government of Vietnam has "informally" been trying to counteract the picture which the Johnston document draws of that country. A Vietnamese reply has been conveyed to a number of Senators and to the State Department which points up that in the four years ending in 1956, Vietnam's imports from the United States were trebled while imports from France dropped to one-sixth. If Vietnam were to devalue its currency, runs the argument, it would have to reduce its American purchases sharply. In any case, the figures indicate that since France lost this outpost of empire in 1954, American business has taken over and done well.

As President Eisenhower's guest, Mr. Diem will be assured of courteous treatment. But the distinguished visitor will be well advised to avoid letting our cordiality blind him to the misgivings which the Johnston report has aroused concerning his regime.

Jim Crow Dressed Up

On May 14, the citizens of New Rochelle, New York, will vote on a school referendum which, if passed, will perpetuate for another fifty years an anachronistic Jim Crow high school which has disgraced the community for nearly half a century. Everyone in New Rochelle opposes segregation in Mississippi, but the election will decide how many oppose it in this attractive suburb of New York City many miles north of the Mason-Dixon line. New Rochelle's other schools are integrated; Lincoln High School is not. In 1930, a new school was built near Lincoln and the district lines were redrawn in such a manner that the new structure was almost completely within a "white" residential area. White children left living in the Lincoln district were then given transfers to other schools.

The need to replace the Lincoln school—a tottering structure whose auditorium has been unfit for use for the past two years—creates an opportunity to integrate its students in non-segregated schools. But the referendum proposes the construction of a new building on the old site which would not only retain the name of Lincoln—an offense in itself—but would "freeze" its status as a segregated school. And this three full years after the Supreme Court's decision in the desegregation cases! Voters in New Rochelle should keep in mind that Southern communities will be watching the outcome of their election with interest. (For further evidence of Northern Jim Crow practices, see p. 390 this issue.)

BLACKLIST=BLACK MARKET . . *by Dalton Trumbo*

About the Author

The presently known works of screenwriter Dalton Trumbo—which include Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, A Man to Remember *and* Kitty Foyle, *among many others—may one day be revealed as his least important and least successful. Since his blacklisting as a member of the Hollywood Ten in 1947, Mr. Trumbo has become a prolific and anonymous contributor to Hollywood's black market in scripts, and for all anyone knows (other than Mr. Trumbo and his producers, who aren't saying), he may have won more Oscars in the last ten years than Walt Disney.—Ed.*

Hollywood

AS THE YEAR 1957 lurches toward its mid-point, Hollywood finds itself celebrating, willingly or unwillingly as the case may be, the tenth anniversary of a blacklist which began in 1947 when a producers' delegation composed of Messrs. Dore Schary, Walter Wanger and Eddie Mannix appeared before the Screen Writers' Guild to plead for acquiescence in the blacklisting of the Hollywood Ten.

Mr. Schary, who is probably the most civilized and certainly the most literate man ever to achieve executive leadership of a major motion-picture producing company, acted as reluctant spokesman for the producers: reluctant because some of the doomed men were his friends; reluctant because he had worked with others of them in the various Roosevelt campaigns; reluctant because he was and is a liberal who hated the idea of a blacklist and probably hates it even more today.

Despite assurances that ten heads would appease the gods, the guillotine has since claimed some 250 other artists and technicians. The most powerful man in Hollywood today is an inconspicuous, pleasant-mannered fellow named William Wheeler, who works as investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Upon his modest shoulders has fallen the glory that was Zanuck's and the power that was Mayer's.

The paradox of the tenth anniversary of the blacklist lies in the fact that while it finds most surviving members of the Hollywood Ten busily engaged in the practice of their professions, Mr. Schary, amidst a hideous outcry from avaricious stockholders, has just been ejected from his producership at M-G-M and presently, as the euphemism goes, is at liberty.

The reason for his discharge, Mr. Schary wrote in *The Reporter* of April 18, 1957, was "that I made too many speeches and wrote too many articles, and that my participation in the 1956 Presidential campaign on behalf of the Democrats had made for irritation and enmity." Mr. Schary, in a word, fell victim to the blacklist his own eloquence had inaugurated; the decade ends, as it began, with an absurdity.

The truth, of course, is that the

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blacklist was openly called for in 1947 by the House Committee on Un-American Activities (". . . Don't you think the most effective way is the payroll route?" ". . . Do you think the studios should continue to employ these individuals?") and that the producers opposed the idea. Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, told the committee that for producers "to join together and to refuse to hire someone or some people would be a potential conspiracy, and our legal counsel advised against it."

Louis B. Mayer testified that "They have mentioned two or three writers to me several times. There is no proof about it, except they mark them as Communists, and when I look at the pictures they have written for us I can't find once where they have written anything like that. . . . I have asked counsel. They claim that unless you can prove they are Communists they could hold you for damages." Jack L. Warner declared under oath that he "wouldn't be a party with anyone in an association, especially where you would be liable for having a fellow's livelihood impaired; I wouldn't want to do that."

THEY DID it, however, a few days later at a famous meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria. Depositions taken from persons present reveal a long and stormy session during which the Hollywood executives strongly opposed demands of the "Eastern people" for a blacklist. The "Eastern people," unfortunately, controlled the film corporations involved and the source of investment capital with which production is maintained. It was no contest. The meeting ended with a sullenly unanimous proclamation of the first blacklist in the history of motion pictures.

The Hollywood Ten, blacklisted and cursed with the worst press since Bruno Hauptmann, stood trial for contempt of Congress, drew maximum fines and sentences, wrangled their way through skeptical courts and finally were distributed throughout the federal penitentiary system. Ring Lardner, Jr., and Lester Cole landed in Danbury, Connecticut, where they renewed an old acquaintance with ex-Congressman J. Parnell Thomas, chairman of the 1947 hearings which had done them in. Thomas had been caught with his hand in the wrong cash drawer.

Jack Lawson, Adrian Scott and this correspondent, incarcerated under heavy guard in the grand old state of Kentucky, were thrown into intimate contact with its favorite son, ex-Congressman Andy May, who had celebrated the glory of American arms by snatching a few wartime defense bribes. Almost every jail in the country during that curious time found Congressman and contemptee standing cheek by jowl in the chow line, all their old malignities dissolved in common hunger for a few more of them there beans.

Meanwhile, sustained by an Appellate Court decision which con-

The Crash of Silence

Along with his manuscript, Mr. Trumbo sent us the following brief diary which records his attempts to get the Motion Picture Association of America to answer some pointed questions.—Editors

Hollywood

Thursday, April 18. Telephone C. H. (Duke) Wales, popular and capable press relations man for Motion Picture Association of America. Explain mission re *Nation*, et al, read him following list of questions:

1. Would the MPAA deny that major studios are purchasing material from Fifth Amendment writers and removing their names from the screen?

2. Would the MPAA say there is no blacklist in Hollywood except that which applies to the Hollywood Ten?

3. Would the MPAA have any objections if a major studio openly hired a Fifth Amendment writer or a member of the Hollywood Ten?

4. Does the MPAA deal with the Committee on Un-American Activities, or any representative of that committee, in determining the employability of artists or other persons in the motion picture industry?

5. If there is a blacklist in the industry, to what persons or organizations does the MPAA attribute it?

Wales copies list, reads it back. Hell of a copyist. Everything checks out. I suggest he may want a little time. Wales agrees. Will be in office from 2:30 p.m. on, call him then. Call at 2:40 p.m. Wales not back yet. Call 4:00 p.m. Wales gone for day. Troubled by this, but still have faith in Wales.

Friday, April 19. Call Wales 9:34 a.m. Not in yet. Send fast straight wire reminding him of situation and giving phone number. Call Wales 1:50 p.m. Not back from lunch. Three p.m., no call from Wales. Send following straight fast wire 3:02 p.m.

C. H. WALES
MPAA
8480 BEVERLY BOULEVARD
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

HAVE ACCURATE RECORD OF OUR TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AND OF MY SUBSEQUENT CALLS. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR DUCKING, BUT UNLESS I HEAR FROM YOU BEFORE MY DEADLINE SIX P.M. TONIGHT I SHALL NOTE THE EXTENT OF MY EFFORTS AND THEIR FAILURE AND ASSUME MPAA HAS TAKEN THE FIFTH. ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF INVOKING THE FIFTH, IT'S A GRAND OLD AMENDMENT AND I SHOULDN'T WISH TO DEPRIVE ERIC JOHNSTON OF ITS PROTECTION. CORDIALLY,

DALTON TRUMBO

Call Wales 5:14 p.m. Young man says Wales not available. Chill touches my heart: first time word "unavailable" has been used. Tell young man I'll stay by phone till 7 p.m. Wales doesn't get through. Sorry about Wales, but console self with Eric Johnston 1947 statement, "As long as I live I will never be a party to anything as un-American as a blacklist." Feel certain Eric's heart still in right place. Satisfied Wales will call tomorrow.

Saturday, April 20. No call from Wales. Hope he isn't ill. Mission uncompleted.

—D. T.

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firmed its right and even its duty to investigate artists and their works, the committee embarked on a permanent career in Hollywood. Francis Walter, his chariot drawn by captive starlets, passed like Caesar through the lots attended by a chanting host of the repentent. Under the yelping attack of this stream-lined, sharp-toothed wolf pack, Communists, near-Communists, neo-Communists, proto-Communists, non-Communists and a few friends of anti-Communists fell like tenpins.

And then, imperceptibly at first, the uproar began to diminish. It faded off, about a year ago, into a stunned and terrible silence. There wasn't anybody left to investigate. The silence continues to this day, broken only occasionally by the contemplative licking of old wounds.

A BLACKLIST, far from being a funny thing, is an illegal instrument of terror which can exist only by sufferance of and connivance with the federal government. The Hollywood blacklist is but part of an immensely greater official blacklist—barring its victims from work at home and denying them passage abroad—which mocks our government in all its relations with civilized powers that neither tolerate nor understand such repression. The shock of the blacklist produces psychic disorders among sensitive persons, from which result broken homes, desolate children, premature deaths and sometimes suicide.

It is not alone the loss of income or of property that hurts: the more terrible wound is the loss of a profession to which one's entire life has been dedicated. A director must have the facilities of a studio: denied them, he sells real estate. A violinist must appear in person for the concert: barred from admittance, he becomes a milkman and practices six hours a day against the unrevealed time when his music once more may be heard. The actor's physical personality, which is his greatest asset, becomes his supreme curse under the blacklist; he must be seen, and when the sight of him is prohibited he becomes a carpenter, an insurance salesman, a barber.

A writer is more fortunate. Give him nothing more than paper, a pencil and a nice clean cell, and he's in business. Dante, Cervantes, Rousseau, Voltaire, Ben Jonson, Milton, Defoe, Bunyan, Hugo, Zola and a score of others have long since proved that in jail or out, writing under their own names or some one else's or a pseudonym or anonymously, writers will write; and that having written, they will find an audience. Only fools with no knowledge of history and bureaucrats with no knowledge of literature are stupid enough to think otherwise.

And so it chanced in Hollywood that each blacklisted writer, after

swiftly describing that long parabola from the heart of the motion-picture industry to a small house in a low-rent district, picked himself up, dusted his trousers, anointed his abrasions, looked around for a ream of clean white paper and something to deface it with, and began to write. Through secret channels, and by means so cunning they may never be revealed, what he wrote was passed along until finally it appeared on a producer's desk, and the producer looked upon it and found it good, and monies were paid, and the writer's children began contentedly to eat. Thus the black market.

In the meantime, quietly domiciled nearby with his stunningly beautiful wife and two infant daughters a young man of Irish descent named Michael Wilson sat down at his typewriter and went furiously to work writing scripts. By 1951 he had risen to a position of such prominence that he was subpoenaed by the committee. Appearing before it in good form, Wilson took the Fifth Amendment, ending his career at the very moment it seemed ready to flower. Four months later his screenplay of *A Place in the Sun*, adapted from *An American Tragedy*, was nominated for an Academy Award. He thus became the first American screenwriter to be nominated for an award after being blacklisted. A month later he chalked up another first for the blacklist by winning the Oscar.

Wilson apparently had a number of unproduced scripts lying around the studios, for the following year his screenplay of *Five Fingers* was produced, and once again he received the Academy's scroll of nomination for the Award. With two nominations and one Oscar under his belt, Wilson continued the quiet life of a blacklistee until some two years later, when Allied Artists decided to produce another of his old scripts, this one an adaptation of Jessamyn West's *Friendly Persuasion*.

When the time rolled around for screen credits, Wilson discovered that Miss West and Robert Wyler, brother of the film's director, were credited as sole authors of the screenplay. Wilson appealed to the Writers' Guild arbitration committee, which ruled in his favor. Allied Artists thereupon released the picture without screenplay credits of any kind.

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was now confronted with the horrid possibility that the picture might bring Wilson, who had been dead professionally for five years, still another Oscar. The man seemed to be getting out of hand; God alone knew how many more of his unproduced manuscripts were lying in studio files. So twenty-two members of the Academy's Board of Governors passed a by-law which was to remain secret unless "*Friendly Persuasion* receives a writing nomination as the best screenplay." It provided that no person who behaved as Wilson had before a Congressional committee was eligible for an Academy prize. That is why, when the screenwriters did

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nominate Wilson for *Friendly Persuasion,* there was appended to the listing the sad little note: "Achievement nominated, but writer ineligible for Award under Academy by-laws." (See Credits and Oscars, *The Nation,* March 30.)

Wilson, who during World War II served as a Captain in the Fifth Amphibious Corps, U. S. Marines, under Major General Holland (Howling) M. Smith, doesn't scare too easily, and appears to take a dim view of secret by-laws designed to celebrate his professional demise. He is presently bringing suit against the Academy, in the course of which the patriots on the Academy's board who barred his work will be given an opportunity to explain under oath just how their unanimity was achieved.

With *Friendly Persuasion* barred, the Academy for the first time in its history offered four instead of five candidates for its Best Screenplay Award. The Oscar, shabby and compromised but quite as golden as its twenty brethren, went almost by default to James Poe, John Farrow and S. J. Perelman for the screenplay of *Eighty Days Around the World.* The Oscar for the Best Original Story, glowing with the virtue of a fair contest, went to Robert Rich for *The Brave One.* The remaining writer's Oscar, for Best Original Screenplay, fell into the foreign hands of Albert Lamorisse for the French film, *The Red Balloon.*

AND THEN something happened. A young man named Robert Rich (but not the Robert Rich for whom a proxy had picked up the Oscar), thinking no doubt to make sport of the Academy, pretended to be the *real* Robert Rich and sought to receive from the Academy those courtesies and distinctions that seemed to lie without visible claimant. In some fashion not yet known he got tangled up with Miss Margaret Herrick, executive director of the Academy, or George Seaton, its president, or some other Academy factotum yet undiscovered, and confessed his deception.

The Academy, giddy by now with patriotism, flushed with its victory over Wilson, anxious to proclaim itself Cerberus of the blacklist and sensing that a second barbarian might have breached the defenses and profaned the sanctuary, rushed at once into print with the most disastrous publicity release of its twenty-nine year history. "Robert Rich," it announced ominously, "credited by the studio which produced *The Brave One* with authorship of the motion-picture story and winner of the Academy Award in this category, stated today he was not the author of the story."

There followed a series of dire warnings from Mr. Seaton and his underlings. The original story, it was hinted, wasn't original at all, or if so it was very likely a plagiarism, and the Academy would probably withhold the award, or punish the King Brothers by giving it to the owners of another story who were suing the Kings, or even declare Robert Rich, like Wilson, a nonperson, and turn the Oscar over to the next highest man in the vote, or maybe shoot craps for its custody.

ENGROSSED in its fierce pursuit of the infidel, the Academy had overlooked the fact that there are literally hundreds of valid, free-born, no-Amendment Robert Riches scattered through practically every country in the Western world. The King Brothers said theirs was a goateed young photographer-writer from whom they had purchased the story in 1952 in Munich, and no one has yet disproved their claim. Overnight the New York *Post* turned up five Robert Riches. From San Francisco the nephew of a deceased Robert Rich announced he was arriving shortly to claim the trophy for his uncle. The large vacuum which now surrounded the Oscar was quickly filled with claims, counter-claims and disavowals on behalf of such disparate characters as the late Robert Flaherty, Orson Welles, Jesse Lasky, Jr., Willis O'Brien and Paul Rader.

The search even penetrated those cavernous depths wherein dwell the blacklisted and the anonymous. Among those flushed for questioning was this correspondent, who cannily refused to affirm or deny authorship. Suspicions then skittered like a starling from Albert Maltz to Michael Wilson, from Wilson to Carl Foreman, from Foreman to Paul Jarrico to others of the damned.

As the fourth day of turmoil dawned, the Academy took rueful stock of its coup. Someone with more perspicacity than president Seaton began to comprehend what had happened to the Immortals. First, they had flatly declared that Robert Rich wasn't the author of *The Brave One,* whereas there was a very good suing chance that Robert Rich was. Second, they had revealed themselves somewhat too nakedly as chief advocates and policemen of a blacklist that everybody else was fed up with. And third, they had cast a fatal shadow over the only other Oscar won this year by an American writer, the first having already been dishonored by the *ex post facto* annihilation of Michael Wilson. The Academy, retiring behind its own version of the Fifth Amendment, announced that "on advice of counsel we are going to keep out of this situation." Since then there has been nothing but blessed silence.

Meanwhile William Stout, a brillant young news commentator for Los Angeles Station KNX-TV, casting bemused eyes at Mr. Seaton and his cohorts, began to have a funny feeling. He telephoned me suggesting lunch, and we discovered that we both had a funny feeling. There was a stillness over Hollywood that seemed to call for a little noise. We decided on the spot to make our feelings known to the world via a filmed interview about the blacklist and the black market it produces.

The next evening Mr. Stout put part of the interview on the Emmy-winning program called *The Big News.* The following day four more minutes went coast-to-coast on the Douglas Edwards CBS-TV news show originating in New York. Later that night Mr. Stout wrapped it up with a second interview over KNX-TV.

What I said during the interview was what everyone in Hollywood knew but no one had ever mentioned: that I had been working steadily since the blacklist began; that others of my kind had also been working; that the major studios were openly in the black market, purchasing

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plays and other material and releasing them without their authors' names; that the Academy had become official guardian of the blacklist; that it had launched against the producers of *The Brave One* an attack it would never have dared make against any major producer; that I myself had been nominated for Academy Awards and would not tell whether I had won any Oscars; that I intended to keep right on working, and that I assumed others would continue also.

FIVE years ago, two years ago, perhaps even six months ago, such an interview would have brought down upon my head maledictions from the committee, outraged denials from the producers and parading delegations from the American Legion.

But in this pleasant April of 1957 I heard not one yelp of anger nor a single denial. All over town publicity departments worked furiously and overtime at the job of saying nothing and making sure nobody else said anything either. For the first time in ten years I was the only man in Hollywood who could be heard. Feeling that my personal charm alone couldn't explain such amiable treatment, I glanced cautiously about for the real reason, and came across a legal action called *Wilson vs. Loew's, Inc.*

On three different occasions, members of the Hollywood Ten have won jury decisions in contract cases against the producers; but each victory has been reversed by higher courts who found little merit in the opinions of twelve good men and true. Thus when *Wilson vs. Loew's, Inc.* was filed, it seemed only another futile and expensive attempt to crack the impregnable structure of the blacklist, and was presumed doomed to fail like all the others.

The suit, filed by Michael Wilson, Ann Revere, Gale Sondergaard, Guy Endore and nineteen others, charged that the plaintiffs had been blacklisted and demanded $52,000,000 for the losses and damages inflicted upon them. Loew's, Inc., while not admitting the existence of a blacklist, argued from the assumption that if a blacklist does exist it is justified and therefore legal. The district court ruled that even if everything alleged were true, the defendants were not entitled to judgment, and hence there was no reason for a trial. The Circuit Court of Appeals sustained the lower court. And then, quite suddenly and without warning of any kind, the Supreme Court granted certiorari, indicating the suit involves more substantial questions of law than the lower courts suspected.

Wilson vs. Loew's, Inc. will be argued before the Supreme Court next autumn. If the court rules for the plaintiffs—and there is just as much reason to believe it will decide for them as against them—the ruling will declare, in effect, that if the facts charged are true the plaintiffs are entitled to judgment. Then the lower courts will be compelled to accept for trial an issue which juries thus far have invariably decided in favor of plaintiffs. Pondering the possibilities, I am inclined to believe that *Wilson vs. Loew's* accounts for a great deal of the silence that has settled over Hollywood. It might even be the reason why the Motion Picture Association of America, ordinarily so greedy for space, denied to readers of *The Nation* answers to the questions propounded by their correspondent (see page 384).

THERE is, of course, another reason, which lies in the fading power and the growing disrepute of the committee itself. Only a few weeks ago the Board of Governors of the eminently conservative State Bar of California charged that "the proceedings of the committee and the conduct of the committee's counsel . . . were improper and lacking in dignity and impartiality which should govern the conduct of agencies of the United States . . . and they were of such a character as to pose a threat to the right to appear by counsel and to the proper independence of the Bar." (See editorial in *The Nation,* April 13.)

Rumblings now are heard from another quarter. *The Hollywood Reporter,* a trade paper which has been the committee's staunchest friend, carried on March 14 an item by its leading reporter, Mike Connelly, to the effect that "The House Un-American Activities Committee plans holding executive sessions to probe a report that one of its members received money to clear a show-business personality of suspicions of being a Red."

Thus far no member of the committee has denied the report. The committee's own standards of evidence would seem to require that each of its members take the oath and swear that he isn't receiving bribes—or to tell how much and from whom. It seems inconceivable that future witnesses won't demand such testimony in return for their own.

IN THE meanwhile there is a stillness at Appomattox, broken only by an occasional crack in the blacklist. The committee has no clothes, no honor, small power and practically no remaining candidates for oblivion. Far from being able to sell indulgences, it can scarcely give them away in the present declining market. The black market flourishes and the producers know it and dare not deny it and pray each night for a court decision, please God just one decision, that will give them an excuse to shake young Mr. Wheeler off their backs and regain control of the organizations they head. The "Eastern people," cocking a thoughtful eye at the Supreme Court and *Wilson vs. Loew's, Inc.,* begin to recall the glories of free enterprise, and to wonder whether those plaintiffs would really want $52,000,000 if they were given a chance to return openly to their professions.

Only George Seaton and twenty-two Immortals still like the blacklist; but even they, with the shadow of *Wilson vs. Academy Board of Governors* darkening their little patch of sky, may find it in their hearts to decide that ten years is punishment enough for any crime—especially when you can't be sure the criminal isn't anonymously undercutting you in the financial department.

There may come a time in this country when blacklists turn popular, and inquisitors are invited to dinner, and mothers at bedtime read to their children the story of the good informer. But just now the current runs in an opposite direction.

All things, as the man said, change.

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East Germany: Revolt of a Communist . . *Wolfgang Harich*

The following is a translation from the original German of a memorandum which the author, a professor of social sciences at East Berlin University, passed on to West German friends shortly before he was arrested recently in East Berlin on treason charges. He has since been sentenced to ten years in prison. The translation was done by Sebastian Haffner for The Observer *(London).*

The document itself professes to represent the thinking of a group of anti-Stalinist Communists. There is no hint of the size of the group, but in any case the memorandum is of first-rate importance in showing the state of mind of a leader among East German Communist intellectuals after the events in Poland and Hungary. There is strong evidence that similar ideas continue to dominate private discussion at universities and in certain party circles not only in East Germany, but in other Soviet-bloc countries. In this sense, the author may be taken to represent Communist thinking of the future.

WE ARE a group of functionaries of the Socialist Unity [Communist] Party representing a broad articulate and an even broader inarticulate following. This following is particularly manifest in the cultural institutions of the German Democratic Republic [East Germany] — in universities, technical and other colleges, newspaper offices, publishing houses.

We have been inspired by the resolutions of the Soviet Twentieth Party Congress and by contacts with comrades abroad. Personal discussions with Polish, Hungarian and Yugoslav comrades have confirmed us in our conclusions. Our ideological development owes most to Comrade George Lukacs [distinguished Hungarian who led the intellectual revolt there last autumn; now in prison].

Bertolt Brecht sympathetically cooperated with our group up to his death and regarded it as the best hope of the party; in our frequent discussions with him we learned of the bitterness and disappointment with which he viewed present conditions in the German Democratic Republic.

We have gone through a long process of ideological evaluation, which began shortly after the death of Stalin and received strong impulses through the events of June 17, 1953 [i.e., the East German riots]. After the Twentieth Party Congress, we worked out a program outlining the special German road to socialism for internal party discussion. We tried to acquaint the party leaders with this program, but found them unapproachable. Hence we felt compelled to hand it to the Soviet Ambassador, Comrade Pushkin, in order to reach our party leaders through his good offices.

The program was designed as a basis for internal discussion on reforming the party. It is not our intention to break with the party and to become renegades in the manner of, say, Arthur Koestler. We intend not to repudiate Marxism-Leninism, but to liberate it from Stalinism and dogmatism and to restore its basis in humanist thought.

WE WANTED in a completely legal manner to discuss and to realize our ideas inside the party and the German Democratic Republic. Our legality, however, finds its limits when the present party leadership itself acts illegally. In our opinion, this is now happening. Despite official assurance to the contrary, our party is systematically returning to the cult of personality. Internal party discussion is strangled, the press muzzled; working-class discontent is explained, in a completely un-Marxist manner, as a result of the work of imperialist agents.

We all share the guilt for the condition to which our party has brought the German Democratic Republic. Hence it is our duty to change this condition.

Part of our duty lies in changing our attitude towards the Social Democratic Party, the strongest working-class party in Germany. We disagree with this party in many details; we do not share certain bourgeois democratic and opportunist tendencies within it. But we agree with it in fundamentals—and this agreement may make it possible to overcome the division of Germany.

We hold that capitalism in Western Europe is obsolescent and socialism inevitable, but we do not think that the victory of socialism in this region demands a revolution. We think Western European socialism will take over from capitalism in a peaceful manner. Moreover, we are of the opinion that the transformation process from capitalism to socialism in Western Europe will not everywhere take place under the auspices of the Communist Party; that, indeed, in many countries the Communists will play no role whatever in the process. We hold that in West Germany only the Social Democratic Party can bring about socialism; the Communists have lost all influence on the working class there. For the same reason, in Britain only the Labor Party, in Italy only the Socialist Party, can bring about socialism. In a united Germany, socialism can be achieved only by an alliance of the Social Democratic Party with the genuinely Socialist forces within the Socialist Unity Party, or by a new workers' party which might arise from a fusion of the Social Democratic Party with a Socialist Unity Party purged of Stalinism and Stalinists.

The countries of Eastern Europe are in need of radical political reform, but in their economic structure they are ahead of most of Western Europe. Given radical de-Stalinization, both the USSR and the People's Democracies could by their example gradually influence economic developments in Western Europe. Simultaneously, Western conceptions of liberal democracy could influence the East and gradually enforce a retreat from political totalitarianism. In this mutual influence and interpenetration we see the true meaning of co-existence.

OUR relations to the USSR are determined by several considerations. The USSR is the first Socialist state in the world; not even Stalinism can change this fact. But the Soviet pattern of socialism cannot be a model for every other coun-

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try; indeed, the USSR will have to change its own pattern, which even internally has become an impediment to further Socialist progress.

Since 1945, the Soviet Union has been both a progressive and a reactionary factor in East Europe. It was progressive in ending capitalism and feudalism. But it was reactionary in exporting a political system which had already become an impediment to further progress in the Soviet Union itself. Even worse, the Soviet Union proceeded to exploit the People's Democracies and to disregard their sovereign equality and national independence.

Today it is plain that Soviet policy towards the People's Democracies has led to the disintegration and threatened dissolution of the Socialist camp. The resistance of the People's Democracies against the hegemony of the USSR is part and parcel of the revolutionary class struggle of the masses against the Stalinist party and the Soviet government apparatus. Wherever the healthy forces of the party take the lead in this class struggle, regeneration and renewed progress towards socialism take place. Poland is the clearest example.

In the USSR itself, the Stalinist apparatus has become aware since the death of Stalin that it is facing a dead end. It resolved to make concessions to the popular masses; hence, the Malenkov economic policy and the Khrushchev criticism of Stalin. The Twentieth Party Congress was an attempt to anticipate threatening revolution from below by revision from above, and to keep control in the hands of the apparatus. It could not succeed in practice because the existence of the apparatus is itself the chief obstacle to revision.

AFTER the Twentieth Party Congress the Soviet Union tried to impose de-Stalinization on the People's Democracies as mechanically as it had heretofore imposed Stalinization. This produced friction and attempts by the People's Democracies to carry out de-Stalinization in their own manner. This in turn impelled the Soviet Union to react with Stalinist and, indeed, Fascist methods.

The Soviet Communist Party today stands for nationalism and Stalinism; to get out of this position, it must be forced back at least to the Malenkov policy and to the line indicated at the Twentieth Party Congress.

FROM THIS reading of the present situation, we draw the following conclusions for the Socialist Unity Party and the German Democratic Republic:

The Party. We want to reform the party from within. We adhere to Marxism-Leninism; we reject Stalinism. This means that Marxism-Leninism must be complemented and broadened by taking account of the thoughts of Trotzky, and even more of Bukharin [shot during Stalin's great purge], Rosa Luxemburg [German Communist leader murdered with Karl Leibknecht in 1919] and, partly, Karl Kautsky [German Socialist leader violently attacked by Lenin and still regarded by Soviet Communists as the arch-heretic]. It must be enriched by a critical reception of the thought of Fritz Sternberg and other Social Democratic theorists. It must also take into account the new ideas thrown up in recent theoretical discussions in Poland and China.

As regards party organization, the domination of the rank and file by the party apparatus must be radically broken, "democratic centralism" must be made really democratic, the principles of Marx, Engels and Lenin must be restored in the practice of party life and the Stalinists must be expelled.

The State. The following reforms are necessary: production to be revised with a view to raising the mass standard of living (Malenkov policy); no more raising of working norms; old-age pensions for workers to be based on the same principles as for working intellectuals; no more privileges for leading functionaries; workers' councils, on the Yugoslav model, in all Socialist enterprises. There must be equality of treatment for big nationalized and small private industries. Forced collectivization, unsuited to the special conditions of German agriculture, must cease; agricultural policy should favor the small and medium farmer.

There must be total restoration of freedom of thought and of the rule of law: the state security police and secret trials must be abolished. Peace must be made with the church and autonomy granted to the universities.

The supreme power of parliament must be restored. The block system, by which all parties form a permanent coalition under the leadership of the reformed Socialist Unity Party, should be maintained. Elections on the single-list system should be continued, but with more candidates and seats so as to give the elector a real choice.

In foreign policy, existing alliances with the Socialist camp of nations should be maintained, but with full independence and equality guaranteed each country. Joint policies should be freely arrived at in consultation with all the People's Democracies.

WE BELIEVE that reunification of Germany must not mean capitalist restoration. Before we can reunite with West Germany, a future Social Democratic majority in the *Bundestag* would have to carry out the following measures in the Federal Republic: reversal of remilitarization; withdrawal from NATO; removal of Fascists and militarists from administrative positions; nationalization of key industries; break up of large estates wherever economically and politically appropriate; education reform designed to assure that higher education does not remain a privilege of the rich.

Given such a Social Democratic policy, we would agree to free all-German elections. In these elections the reactionary forces in the Federal Republic and the Stalinists in the Democratic Republic would undoubtedly be revealed as isolated minorities.

We are aware that under such conditions the Social Democratic Party would almost certainly gain a majority in the whole of Germany. A reformed Socialist Unity Party would have to accept unconditionally such a decision of the German People.

After its reformation, the Socialist Unity Party would simply be a left-wing Marxist party which would have nothing in common with

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the Communist Party of the Stalinist type. This would remove the chief obstacle to a unified workers' movement. Such a movement would inevitably, through the greater weight of the Social Democratic Party, bear more likeness to the latter than to the reformed Socialist Unity Party.

As a first step to future unity, one thing should be possible at present: conspiratorial co-operation between the anti-Stalinists within the Socialist Unity Party and the Social Democrats in combating Stalinism in the German Democratic Republic. Once the anti-Stalinists have gained control of the Socialist Unity Party from within, official contacts between it and the Social Democrats should follow. Stalinists who to the last participated in the crimes of the Ulbricht group must be barred from the new workers' party.

AGAINST us stands the Stalinist party and the state apparatus. The basis of our opposition rests in the statutes of the Socialist Unity Party, the Twentieth Party Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, and the resolution of the twenty-eighth plenary session of the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party. On this basis we intend to conduct an open and legal opposition. But we are also ready to use the method of faction and conspiracy if we are forced to do so.

We are taking up contact with oppositional forces in other People's Democracies and comparing notes. The oppositional comrades must seek close contact with the people and criticize the party leadership, but at the same time prevent a popular rising. The danger of a popular rising in the German Democratic Republic exists if the Stalinist Ulbricht group continues in power. But if we succeed in reforming the party from within, there will be no second popular rising in the German Democratic Republic.

Hence it is our duty to do everything in our power in order to cleanse the party of Stalinists and to regain the confidence of the working class and the entire people through a changed policy.

SO SLOWLY WE MOVE . . *by Kay Boyle*

New Haven, Conn.

THE YOUNG MAN with the greying crew-cut and the neat leather brief case who sat beside me in the New Haven bus that Saturday morning hadn't known there was an all-day Civil Liberties Council meeting about to begin in the Yale Law School auditorium. I showed him the leaflet headed "Do We Practice the Democracy We Preach—How Much Equality Do Negroes Have in New Haven?" and he said he was studying medicine, but our bus stop would be the same, and he would show me where the Law School was when we got off.

"I've never known of any difficulties here in the professional spheres," he went on saying. As we walked down one street and up another, the buildings looked cold and foreign and the rain began to fall. "We're students together and interns together, and everything's right and natural. But then comes graduation, and the trouble begins. There was one girl we all thought a lot of, and she graduated with high honors, and she married one of the white students she'd gone through school with here. He didn't have anything like the marks she had, but when they got out in real life together, he was the one who had a choice of jobs right off, and she couldn't get a thing. On top of that, nobody wanted to rent them an apartment, so you just had to face it: in order to live the way the rest of us do, they weren't expected to grow up. They'd have to remain undergraduates. We haven't got it yet in America the way they have it in France, for instance—the kind of equipment needed for making equality a functioning thing."

As I sat in the nearly empty auditorium that early morning and watched the microphone being adjusted, and waited for the speakers to appear, I thought of the things that other men had said to me. They were Negroes I had talked with in the past weeks, and because they were very different from one another, they talked of that lack of equipment in different ways. One was a Methodist minister in the Connecticut town where I live, and he had said in a voice so soft that you could scarcely hear him speak:

"When you walk down those particular streets where the Negro houses lean away from the railway tracks, and the stoops are sagging, and the sidewalk pavement is treacherous, maybe you'd find it strange and incongruous to see the elegant new model cars standing at the curb. They're a little battered sometimes, sure—maybe a crumpled fender or a stove-in door, but they're still pretty fine. And then you'll notice the sofas, or divans, or sometimes just box-springs, they've set out on the rotting boards of the stoops, and you'll begin understanding that those seats are something else from what they seem. They're the loges and the balconies and the front-row seats, those sofas and divans and discarded barber-shop chairs. They represent the segregated section where the Negro audience is allowed to sit and watch the spectacle of white life in a thriving Connecticut town being played. And in order to fool themselves into believing they're not just spectators, they've bought themselves those fine new cars, and parked them out front to show that they participate too in the equipment of democratic equality."

"I'd be the last to pass judgment

KAY BOYLE'S latest book is Seagull on the Step.

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on them for buying those cars," a young Negro lawyer had said to me another night as we sat in the house he had managed to buy. "Ever since they were children, they've wanted good things, nice-looking things, and a car is something a Negro can put out money for, whilst they don't make it easy for him to buy a house or a piece of land." It was almost as if he and his wife had escaped with their children from some alien tyranny, and here they were, by some miracle, safe under their own roof, having crossed a frontier as actual as that of Hungary. "We had some trouble getting this place," he said, and the thought of the others who hadn't got out made him uneasy. "There're certain restrictions in Connecticut—"

And another afternoon, the Baptist minister in my town, wearing a bright red waistcoat, and striking the table between us with his fist, had said:

"How're you going to put an end to the dope-peddling, and the perversion, and the lust and sin? They tried in the public-housing project two nights ago by sending the State Troopers in. Where's that going to get you, anyway? Stop making the Negro a charity case, stop *tolerating* him, stop making him live in a ghetto. That's all. Give him the right to rent a house or buy a house like any other American and you'll give him a pride in what he is."

"There're no restrictions in the law-books," said the Methodist minister quietly. "I've found there're no restrictions anywhere but in the hearts of men."

And then the members of the panel on Negro housing walked onto the platform of the Yale Law School auditorium and took their seats. The first to speak was Dr. Henry Stetler, chief supervisor of the research division of the Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights, and the outline he gave of his survey on *Racial Integration in Private Residential Neighborhoods in Connecticut** was a cold and terrible indictment of the heart

of man. The survey, based on data gathered by trained interviewers, excluded transitory areas and concentrated on areas where Negro families had succeeded in buying houses in non-Negro districts. Among other depressing facts, it revealed that when Negro families chanced to move into a white neighborhood:

> Interracial contacts in the form of interracial activities within the white or Negro home were engaged in by relatively small proportions of the white adults; that interracial activities between children were much more frequent, especially in the form of play activities. However, even these contacts tended to taper off if they involved activities outside the home, such as attending movies together or engaging in club activities.

"TO LIVE the way the rest of us live," I remembered the medical student saying, "they weren't expected to grow up." But they did grow up, and the feeling of inequality grew with them, and 219 Negro families and 390 white neighbors had been interviewed for this survey, which was attempting to state the case exactly as it stands. Dr. Stetler pointed out that the Negroes questioned were, occupationally, far above the average for the state's Negro population as a whole. The incomes of the Negro respondents were equal to the incomes of their white neighbors, and the Negroes were frequently superior in educational achievements to the white respondents. And yet, in spite of these facts, it was found that:

> In general, white respondents had more favorable *attitudes* toward interracial contact than were manifested in their interracial *practices;* about sixty per cent of the white respondents felt that interracial social contacts were desirable among pre-school or grammar school children, but less than forty per cent felt that such contacts were desirable in the teen-age or adult years; the acceptance of one Negro neighbor did not mean that Negroes in general would be acceptable; forty per cent of the white respondents felt their property values had decreased because of their Negro neighbors.

Before the morning session had gone very far, this last complaint was to be disproved by statistics as well as by arguments. Alvin A. Mermin, the New Haven residential relocation officer, cited cases in which properties had actually increased in value because of the type of Negro family the redevelopment agency had been able to move into an all-white neighborhood. Any decrease in property values, it was made manifest, was the result of unscrupulous real-estate agents (Negro as well as white) spreading panic in an area "where the plague had struck." These men would call after dark on the house-owners of the neighborhood, warn them of what was happening and offer them cash for a quick sale. In that moment of terror, a house-owner would sell his house far below its actual value, and in that instant the decrease did exist. But the following week, when the real-estate agent sold the house to a home-hungry Negro family for five thousand more than he had paid, the fallacy of the argument was clear. The action Connecticut takes in these matters has value outside the state, said Dr. Stetler, for the record shows that Connecticut has done much to advance the cause of civil rights, and there are four bills on improved housing legislation before the House, and one before the Senate, now.

The auditorium had been steadily filling with Negroes and whites alike as the grim facts and figures

* Copies of this survey may be obtained by writing to: The Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights, 500 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

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combined to reveal the restricted world of the Connecticut Negro in all its tragedy. By eleven o'clock we knew that only 4 per cent of the state's Negro population lives in white neighborhoods, that apartments in the public-housing projects are not available if the family has too many children or its earnings exceed a certain income bracket. Although the New Haven Housing Authority, said Mr. Mermin vigorously, accepts families on an equal basis, regardless of color, still many more Negro families are rejected than relocated. A very small percentage is rejected on the score of undesirability, he said, and a very large percentage because of the income limits on moderate rental-housing projects. Unlike a rejected white family, a Negro family that does not qualify for public housing has practically nowhere to turn.

"Connecticut," said Frank Simpson, executive secretary of the State Commission on Civil Rights, as the panel on employment got under way, "is a land of steady habits, many of them bad." It is customary in Connecticut, for instance, for Negroes to stay away from trade schools. This, it was argued, is due in great part to the failure of guidance advisers to encourage the Negro high school student to proceed, after graduation, to trade school and then serve an apprenticeship in a skilled trade. It is due as well to the necessity for the Negro student to find work even before completing high school, and to the indisputable fact that the young Negro is not made to feel he is a functioning part of the community. There are 175 trades for which apprentice training is provided, and although an apprentice is paid at least 50 per cent of the wage rate for journeymen, a study made in 1954 shows that only one-half of 1 per cent of those completing apprentice training were Negroes.

Mitchel Sviridoff, president of the Connecticut State Industrial Union Council, an affiliation of the AFL-CIO, and Norman Zolot, of the Connecticut Federation of Labor, were firm in their assertions that no color, creed or national-origin discrimination exists in trade-union practices, and gave specific cases to prove this claim. In attempting to preserve for their members the existing wages and work opportunities, Mr. Zolot said, certain unions have refused to admit any new members, or very few. This has been particularly true in the pipe trades in some areas, he said, but the basis of the practice is strictly economic. Mr. Sviridoff, a clear-minded and excitingly articulate young man, said there were understandable reasons for some unions to keep their membership down. In the C.I.O. industrial set-up, it was pointed out, where the emphasis is not on skill or training to the same degree, this limiting of membership has not developed as a practice, but many unions limited membership in the building trades and the skilled trades of the old A.F. of L., but for the purpose of preserving favorable working conditions, never for reasons of color or creed.

I HAD been told that there are two ways for a man, any man, to enter into the community life of a Connecticut town: one way is through the church and the other through the fire department. Although Negro church attendance is high, and getting higher every year, I had never come across a Negro fireman.

"I've been encouraging the young men of my parish to apply to the fire department and to the bus line for jobs," the Methodist minister had said as we talked one afternoon. "You can't say there's discrimination there or anywhere until Negroes with the right qualifications apply. It's the teachers and it's the preachers who must enlighten and guide. It's for us to make it clear to the young that they have a choice just like the white man has."

And this is what the members of the panel on employment were saying now. However shadowy a figure the Connecticut Negro may have seemed before, he was emerging clearly not only as a man without a home, but also as a man without an assured earning power. He is either an unskilled worker or else a college graduate who has somehow got a white-collar job, and the vast economic area between the two extremes is lost to him as an area of endeavor. In answering a question put by a teacher from the floor as to what can be done with "the college-mad" youth of America, Mr. Sviridoff said he would not exchange his trade-school training and his apprenticeship for four years in any college, and that it was the responsibility of the teacher to make students know that skilled laborers are as honorable as men with a university degree.

IT WAS NOT until Arnold O. Freas of the Ensign-Bickford Company was called upon that something changed for the worse in the quality of the air. Mr. Freas was as uneasy as if he sat on the platform among enemies. The shift of his shoulders and the light in his eye indicated that he saw no reason why a man of sense should be sitting in this hall on this particular day. He did not look in the direction of the audience as he told the other members of the panel that when he had been asked to make an appearance he had called in his two employment managers and asked them to get together all the facts they could on the problem of employing Negroes at the plant. That had been on Monday, and he had told them to report back to him on Friday afternoon so that he would be primed for the Saturday morning conference. Well, sir, when those two employment managers reported to him on Friday they said they hadn't been able to dig up a single fact or story for him because there just wasn't any problem. They had a Negro who'd been working for the Ensign-Bickford Company for years, Mr. Freas went on saying, and this Negro lived in one of the company houses, and they'd never had any trouble with him. The truth was that when they'd needed a foreman, they'd given him the job without considering what his color was, because he'd been there longer than anyone else and knew the factory inside out. The fact that Negroes didn't go to trade schools and therefore didn't turn up at the Ensign-Bickford works for apprenticeships was something Mr. Freas felt he, personally, couldn't do anything

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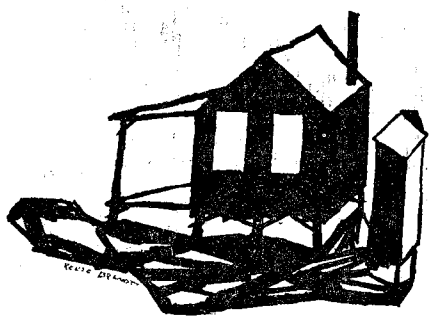
about. But he had a story or two he wanted to tell to illustrate how he felt about the whole thing, and the panel and audience sat quiet while he told this story, and sat quiet for a moment afterwards, too. He said that during the war, when he was fifteen years younger and unmarried, he was on business in the West (I thought then that he would probably look like an impatient, horn-rimmed college-boy no matter how old he grew). He was in a bar one night, he said, and he saw an attractive-looking female having a drink, and, what with the war and all, he got into conversation with her. It turned out she was the madame of the local brothel, and was she mad, he said with a laugh. He would have liked to have quoted her here, but because her conversation consisted largely of four-letter words, he felt he couldn't. She was mad as hell, he told the members of the panel, because legislation was being pushed in that state to ban brothels within twenty miles of an army camp, and one remark she made had always stuck in his mind. "You can't legislate the sex-urge out of men," was what she had said, and Mr. Freas seemed satisfied that this argument applied in theory to the questions under discussion in the Yale Law School auditorium that day.

IF LOGIC came into it all, Sviridoff and Zolot should have been the rough, tough men, educated in the school of hard knocks, while Mr. Freas should have exemplified the informed and cultivated youngish executive, but the three of them had obviously been miscast. Sviridoff and Zolot were soft-spoken, reflective, subtle-minded, and their words expressed precisely what they meant. Sviridoff answered Mr. Freas obliquely. He said that the function of wise and just legislation was not to enact the human qualities out of man but to set a pattern which the responsible individual could respect and follow. It was their voices, clear and equable and young, that I could hear still as the dozens of us ate lunch in the Yale Commons; theirs, and those of the Negroes who had stated their case to me in the Connecticut town where I live.

"Responsible individuals!" the Baptist minister in the bright red waistcoat had declared so loudly that it might have been the *basso profundo* of the opera stating the mighty theme. "To be a responsible individual you have to stand up and square your shoulders. That's what I tell my people. You can't go slopping and shuffling along the back streets, meeting nobody's eye. You have to accept the full burden of citizenship, and that's a terrible thought to some."

By the time Thurgood Marshall, chief council of the NAACP, began to speak the auditorium was packed to overflowing. Up here in Connecticut, he said, he kept hearing about the awful things that were happening down in Alabama, and about



the terrible things that were taking place in Kentucky, and about the awful goings-on in Tennessee. And every now and then it made him a little impatient, he said, for if we up here in the North didn't throw sticks of dynamite, and didn't burn crosses, still we had our weapons. They were perhaps not quite as blatant, but they were just as deadly. We allowed the Negro to live provided he stayed over there somewhere, on the other side of the railroad tracks, and provided he didn't use the beaches. We allowed him to work for us, but he couldn't come too near. He knew Northerners, this grave, dynamic man said, who proved their acceptance of the Negro by the fact that they'd had a distinguished Negro in to dinner once. They were like those Southerners, he said, who protested they had no racial prejudice whatsoever, absolutely none, because they'd been brought up by a Negro mammy or because they'd grown up loving their Negro servants like their own kin. And even when the audience laughed, Thurgood Marshall's handsome, granite face seemed to bear an anguished scar. There was a kind of grief in his wit, but his pride and his vigor would have none of it. "I've been hearing a lot about what's going to happen to white children in the South," he said, "now that they have to learn to read and write with Negro children. And whenever people start talking about what it's going to do to them, I remember my little friend who did so well with the spelling contest on television. She went to a Jim Crow school, little Gloria Lockerman did, and I sometimes wonder whether going to a white school might not have harmed her. I keep asking myself if she'd have won that $64,000 as easily as she did if she'd been contaminated in any way."

But the thing he said with a force that seemed to bring even the material substance of the hall to vibrant life was that every man, whatever the color of his skin, and whatever the belief, or the lack of it, that he nurtured in his heart, must respect the law as laid down by the highest court in the country. If this were done, then the question of schooling, of housing, of employment, would be answered, and the equipment enabling men to live as equals would begin to function, but until the law was respected there could be no equality.

AS I SAT in the train in the New Haven station late that rainy afternoon, a small thing happened. A fat, distressed woman with a cotton handkerchief tied over her head was seated across the aisle, clutching a bulging shopping-bag on her knees. She kept looking nervously from one side to the other out of the streaming windows of the halted train. On the right, a freight-train was passing slowly, and on the left the station platform stood motionless.

"Gee, I don't get it," she said in desperation after a moment. "When I look out this side, it looks as if the train was going, and when I look out the other side, it don't look as if we were getting anywhere at all."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Catching Up With Nathanael West

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST. Introduction by Alan Ross. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 421 pp. $5.

William Bittner

IN HIS thirty-six years Nathanael West wrote four novels, only one of which received any trace of what a literary agent would call success. Even *Miss Lonelyhearts* had a less than moderate sale, but it was picked up by M-G-M and West was hired to help convert it for the screen. The result was a travesty called *Advice to the Lovelorn.* West stayed on as a screenwriter until his death in 1940, completing in the meantime his last novel, *The Day of the Locust.* It too was a commercial failure.

Work as original and remarkable as West's almost always fails to strike an audience when it first appears. But if the artist's insight is sound, its truth will become more and more evident as time goes on; if his technique is valid, the same influences that operated on his work will affect the work of others, and the audience will grow into appreciation of it.

A good critic should be able to sense the greatness in a book no matter how strange it may seem, as Emerson did with *Leaves of Grass,* but too often the right book does not reach the right critic, or his voice is lost in the clamor of the literary hucksters. Even praise from Edmund Wilson failed to save West's work from the remainder houses—probably because it came too late—but his reputation increased by word of mouth, and after some years *The Day of the Locust* and *Miss Lonelyhearts* appeared in new editions. Both books, published by New Directions, gained quite wide circulation, and in 1952 a few copies of the English edition of *A Cool Million* began to turn up in the bookstores. *The Dream Life of Balso Snell,* brought out in a limited edition, remained almost unavailable.

NOW we have all four novels in a reasonably-priced omnibus edition. I am sure, however, that this does not complete the publishing history of Nathanael West. For one thing, Alan Ross's introduction is not likely to be the final word. West is in every way an American writer, and an English critic could not be expected, at this juncture, to appreciate all the odd twists that he put on the American symbolism. We need a serious biographical-critical study of West, one at the level of Richard Gehman's introduction to the New Directions *Day of the Locust.*

West's symbols are grotesques, perhaps more disturbing even than Kafka's, because they more strongly resemble the real. His satire never loses its sting because it is always more real than satirical. He delves more deeply than Melville into the ingrained confidence game of American civilization, the ever-widening split between aspiration and actuality that keeps our public statements, from school days on, from corresponding with the way things are.

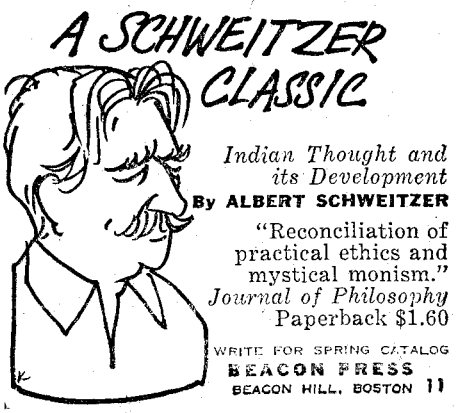
In *A Cool Million,* West mixes a Horatio Alger style with politics and comes up with the history of a Yankee Horst Wessel. The dream of success turns into a nightmare as at every juncture the Alger formula brings the hero from rags to dismemberment. He loses his teeth, one eye, a thumb, scalp, leg, always in the kind of act that conventionally leads to The Great Opportunity. For West to have seen as early as 1934 that fascism grows on making the patsy the hero seems sheer genius. This is the sort of thing that Poe tried again and again in his grotesques, and always failed to accomplish. West, by never losing his temper, brings it off.

For all its ingenuity, *A Cool Million* is probably the weakest of West's novels. In it he put a distorting mute on his finest instrument, a style that, remaining fresh and poetic, resembles the slogan-ridden speech of America. This style is in full evidence in his first book, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell,* where it is especially aimed at the clichés of art. The pattern of *Balso Snell* is an exercise in scatology and pornography; Balso enters the Trojan Horse through the anus, and the end of the book comes with the climax of orgasm—all in a dream-logic as valid as Freud or *Alice in Wonderland.*

ALAN ROSS believes that West's other books describe the disintegration of society, but "*Balso Snell* analyses only the disintegration of the Self." I believe he confuses West's religious symbolism with the ideals of Christ, rather than associating it with the crass actuality of much of American Christianity, as was intended. When B. Hamlet Darwin, Balso's philandering avatar, disparages man's efforts to compete with God, he cries, "At your birth, instead of the Three Kings, the Dove, the Star of Bethlehem, there was only old Doctor Haasenschweitz who wore rubber gloves and carried a towel over his arm like a waiter." That is a blow at illusion in the world, not despair at the unattainability of the cosmos.

All the false-faces and self-delud-

WILLIAM BITTNER is lecturer in Literature at The New School for Social Research. His published criticism is mainly in the area of contemporary letters.



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ing roles that men assume are slashed at. The subject of the book is love, and West apparently considers organized religion a sublimation of more natural emotion. The ascetics are represented by Maloney the Areopagite, who is writing the biography of St. Puce, the flea in Christ's armpit, and Balso, always a perfect sounding-board, responds in words that make scoutmaster-Christianity equally ridiculous: "Don't be morbid. Take your eyes off your navel. Take your head from under your armpit. Stop sniffing mortality. Play games. Don't read so many books. Take cold showers. Eat more meat." For all of its thumb-to-nose manner, the book systematically probes every weakness in the world's religions, and then swings into romantic love.

Amorous delusions are ridiculed as effectively as spiritual ones. By suggesting through fragments of quotations the attitudes of innumerable poets on love, West intermingles love and art, then sorts the pretenses—the art—from love, and is left embracing Miss McGeeney, of P. S. 186, in a tweed suit.

In *Miss Lonelyhearts* mysticism and religion are run through every manifestation, and Christ becomes the Miss Lonelyhearts of Miss Lonelyhearts. There is no joke in West's intentions with this book. The pathos of the advice-to-the-lovelorn column of a newspaper is turned to tragedy by the columnist's taking unto himself the troubles of his correspondents. He becomes Christ, suffering and dying for his compassion, mocked by the feature editor, Shrike, who serves both as common sense and as the devil. The book is not a shallow retelling of the Christian legend in modern dress; one can sense in West's conception that although his heart is with Miss Lonelyhearts, he agrees with Shrike, and that the tragedy of man is his inability to reconcile body and spirit, so long as he insists on considering them separate things.

West sees that somehow man's religious sense betrayed him into parcelling life into shares for God, for the flesh, and for the devil, and he records the troubles we find in putting it back together again. The ultimate complication comes, of course, because things are seldom what they seem. In choosing the biggest illusion-factory in the world as his symbol in *The Day of the Locust* he set a pattern also followed by Scott Fitzgerald, Budd Schulberg and Norman Mailer. Anyone who calls this book simply "the best novel ever written about Hollywood" is vastly underrating it.

From the opening scene, in which a rout of soldiers equivalent to the combined armies at Waterloo streams past as if pursued by some great catastrophe, and is spurred on by a "little fat man, wearing a cork helmet, polo shirt and knickers," who shouts, "Stage Nine—you bastards—Stage Nine!" through a small megaphone, we see behind the grandiose facades of Hollywood and of American society. The premiere that turns into a riot at the end of the book is as much an orgasm, as much the flesh and the devil let loose, as the conclusion of *Balso Snell.*

WEST wrote in the socially conscious thirties, but the earliest deep recognition of his work came from the generation who were young soldiers in the second world war. This is the generation of the Mailers, the Salingers, and the rest who turned the novel back into the Amer-

The War Against the Trees

The man who sold his lawn to standard oil
Joked with his neighbors come to watch the show
While the bulldozers, drunk with gasoline,
Tested the virtue of the soil
Under the branchy sky
By overthrowing first the privet-row.

Forsythia-forays and hydrangea-raids
Were but preliminaries to a war
Against the great-grandfathers of the town,
So freshly lopped and maimed.
They struck and struck again,
And with each elm a century went down.

All day the hireling engines charged the trees,
Subverting them by hacking underground
In grub-dominions, where dark summer's mole
Rampages through his halls,
Till a northern seizure shook
Those crowns, forcing the giants to their knees.

I saw the ghosts of children at their games
Racing beyond their childhood in the shade,
And while the green world turned its death-foxed page
And a red wagon wheeled,
I watched them disappear
Into the suburbs of their grievous age.

Ripped from the craters much too big for hearts
The club-roots bared their amputated coils,
Raw gorgons matted blind, whose pocks and scars
Cried Moon! on a corner lot
One witness-moment, caught
In the rear-view mirrors of the passing cars.

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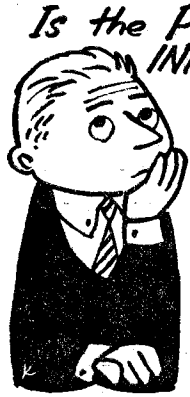
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ican tradition of seeking the deeper configurations—the true tragedy—in our culture, rather than simply recording the surface disintegration. West continues the quest begun in *The Confidence Man*, the quest to uncover the deceit of appearances, and his work is worthy of what Melville might have done between *The Confidence Man* and *Billy Budd*.

West treats serious subjects flippantly; but that is better than treating trivial subjects, such as the "romance of business," seriously. He is like a perky little wind that blows, now this way, now that, until all the great fog of illusion is dispelled from the land.

Organization Gothic

THE HOMECOMING GAME. By Howard Nemerov. Simon & Schuster. 246 pp. $3.50.

TO MAKE A WORLD. By Theodore Morrison. The Viking Press. 408 pp. $4.50.

Michael D. Reagan

IN THEORY, colleges and educational foundations exist to create an atmosphere conducive to intellectual integrity and a disinterested search for truth. In practice, the goals of these, as of all institutions, reflect the personal values of their members, and especially of their governing bodies. Surrounding each man who would sharpen the issues raised by organizational demands in modern society are a dozen who would "flannel things over," to use the expression of one of Nemerov's characters.

Although both these books are concerned with the moral dilemmas of the Man of Good Will when confronted by such demands, *The Homecoming Game* handles the theme more clearly and successfully. The plot sounds like a compound mixture of clichés: a history professor, Charles Osman, flunks the star football player, Raymond Blent, on the eve of the big game; students, president, trustees, and the player's fiancee exert a variety of pressures, moral, intellectual and romantic; and the boy finally gets into the game—but his team loses because a gambling syndicate has bribed the linemen to throw the game. Blent also had been paid off, but, overtaken by remorse, tried to escape the consequences by flunking two exams to make himself ineligible. Since this becomes known only to Osman, we are treated to a rather neat bit of irony in the situation of the reluctant hero in whose behalf all major elements of the college population unite to urge that the rules be damned and the professor dishonest, in order that the higher purpose of educational institutions be fulfilled on Saturday afternoon.

Given these events, we might expect a dreadfully serious novel, or a frothy burlesque. Howard Nemerov, however, has succeeded in avoiding both to produce an ironically witty, very entertaining story illustrating the difficulty of maintaining moral values (or even being certain that they are involved) in the face of an amoral insistence that success, understanding and "the good of the institution" are the important things.

IN *To Make a World*, Theodore Morrison, whose *The Stones of the House* was as good a college novel as we have had, gives us a detailed picture of the life and tribulations of one Sam Norris, a teacher-turned-administrator, an assistant to the president of Rowley University. Young, married with children, moderately ambitious, Sam is possessor and symbol of middle class virtues. Except that he, like Charles Osman, is unable to place self-delusion ahead of truth.

This gift—or burden—of moral clarity is coupled in Norris with a commitment to the notion that "to understand is to forgive." He is therefore slow to judge others although critical of himself. A series of encounters with the men of power, wealth and self-assurance who run the Stoughton Foundation in the same city as Rowley gradually convinces him that one can understand too much and that there is a limit to forgiveness if responsibility is to be upheld.

Ethical issues of power and organization versus the individual are constantly raised, but they seem somehow misplaced in a story whose situations are primarily private: Mrs. Norris' urge for economic success; the quality of education their boy is receiving at a progressive school; and the suspicion that the boy has been involved in petty thievery. Morrison's picture of the Norris home life and their family problems is a detailed and photographically accurate portrait of a middle class family. But his plot is so lacking in sharp dramatic focus and climax that it makes a poor vehicle for discussion of lofty ideals in combat with the temptations of power.

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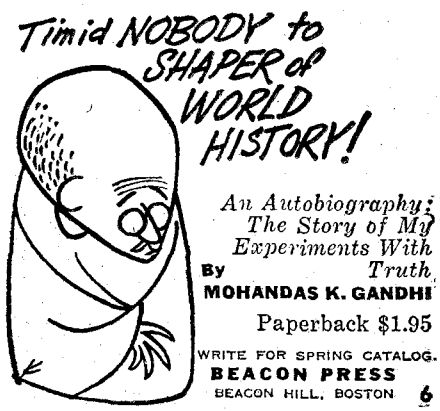

The Temper of Holmes

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: The Shaping Years, 1841-1870. By Mark De Wolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. 330 pp. $5.

Earl Latham

THIS first volume of several in what should be the definitive life of Holmes brings the distinguished Justice from birth to the independent practice of law in Boston. Although he was to say that he had been "kicked" into the law by his father, Holmes made the legal profession his own choice of career deliberately, if with some hesitation. Interested in art and letters and philosophy, he, nevertheless, came to believe that speculation without roots in experience was gesture without consequence, a mere faculty, a talent rather than a role. He was "inclined to think that our activities are best employed in the affairs of life using the infinite rather as a magnet than a business." Although his bias for positivism was never strong enough to open boxes of statistics offered him by Brandeis, his later judicial work did show him reluctant to accept as valid generalizations which had not been informed by experience.

A man of speculative bent with a lifetime interest in philosophy, Holmes always admired vigor and action in others somewhat uncritically, especially where it was epically successful. James J.

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Hill, for example, represented "one of the greatest forms of human power." This bemusement with power may account for the violence of many of the literary images used by Holmes, even as a young man. Values he thought were matters of taste, and with respect to one whose values are different, "there is nothing to do except in unimportant matters to think ill of him, and in important ones, to kill him." Able lawyers are of three kinds: "kitchen knives that slide between the tissues on lines of least resistance; razors that cut across; and stings that carry poison with their blade, and not only cut but disintegrate." Of Malthus, whom he admired, he said that he had "ripped the guts out of some humbugs."

Howe's account of Holmes's relations with his famous father lacks some of the dramatic license of Catherine Drinker Bowen's; and he is at pains now and then to support the proposition that the Justice and the Doctor were not absolutely disaffected ("... 'bestest love to Dadkin,' hardly the phrase of a boy who despised his father"). But "the evidence of strain is too clear" to allow certain shared interests fully to overcome "the antagonism of disparate temperaments." The author is content with a statement of such facts as there are, seems a bit embarrassed that the matter has to be discussed at all, and never—happily—essays that kind of literary psychoanalysis performed by canape and cocktail researchers, who doubtless would do wonders with that kick, those knives and those guts.

THE career of Holmes at Harvard seems to have involved him with the academic authorities as well as with his studies; and his career in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment during the Civil War was a *beau geste*, performed out of the compulsions of class conscience and Calvinist duty. Sustained also by a mild abolitionist sentiment at the outset, Holmes ultimately despaired of the success of northern arms, and left the Army upon the expiration of his three-year enlistment, an act he regretted in later life. His military service, however, enabled him to prove that aristocratic standards had an æsthetic value in a democratic society; and although the price of this proof was grievous wounds, he cheerfully recovered from them and never seemed to regret the mortal risks he ran.

The sense of aristocratic obligation was early formed and strongly sustained. If it touched his person with distinction, it shadowed his philosophy with denigration. The universe of Holmes's admirers may come sometime to discriminate between his artistry and his doctrine. At the age of 74, he wrote to Wigmore, "Doesn't the squashy sentimentality of a big minority of our people about human life make you puke? ... Oh, bring me a basin." The early twiggish bent of this inclined tree appeared in a letter to his sister at the age of 21: "While I am living *en aristocrat*, I'm an out-and-outer of a democrat in theory, but for contact, except at the polls, I loathe the thick-fingered clowns we call the people—especially as the beasts are represented at political centers—vulgar, selfish, and base."

This image of self as aristocrat, somewhat alienated from the unperceptive generality, reinforced by symbols of class duty and distinction, is ascribed rather generally by the author to "New England," a restrictive concept that does not seem to embrace the soldier vulgarians from Massachusetts who also went to war when Holmes did.

Fowler for Americans

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE, Based on Fowler's *Modern English Usage.* By Margaret Nicholson. Oxford University Press. 671 pp. $5.

T. E. Norton

THE publishers speak of this American adaptation of the *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* as the Faster Fowler. One can see old Fowler quoters raising their eyebrows. Who wants an Americanized or a faster Fowler? Must we again be told that over here a bowler is a derby and that over there if you are named Colquhoun you are called Cohoon? Is this learned manual of latinate English now to become one of those practical books, to be shared with secretaries and journalists? But Fowler would not have joined the Fowlerites in their anxiety over tampering with the sacred text. It was not a display of false modesty when he said, in the moving dedication of his book to the memory of his learned younger brother and collaborator, "I think of it as it should have been, with its prolixities docked, its dullness enlivened, its fads eliminated, its truths multiplied."

Miss Nicholson is neither dull nor lively, but she is competent and straightforward. She is not given to prolixity or faddishness and she has added some truths. While some of Fowler's prolixities have been cut, so too have some of his meaningful elaborations. Further excisions are the many Fowler entries for words and expressions which appear so rarely in American speech and writing that they cannot be considered problems of American usage. Her additions are American spellings and pronunciations and meanings, and brief notes on words overlooked by Fowler or not current in his day. Many examples could be given of Miss Nicholson's good judgment.

But the spirit of Fowler is sadly diluted. For one thing, Miss Nicholson's contributions do not show that passion for the language that gives life to Fowler's pages. For another, she did not have, or did not use, a collection of examples of usage such as the one the Fowlers spent years in gathering. The non-synthetic character of Fowler's samplings of usage accounts for much of the tone and authority of his book. He went beyond simply stating that a word or construction was bad English: he gave demonstrations of bad English in action.

It is Fowler's wit and his "irresponsible expressions of opinion" that make his *Dictionary* a reference book unlike any other. Miss Nicholson has kept much but by no means all of this, and ventures her own opinions only in measured language. "Irresponsible" was

T. E. NORTON has written widely on American usage.

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Fowler's own word and is itself not to be taken seriously when one recalls his training in classical scholarship and his competence as a grammarian and professional lexicographer. His opinions are reasoned and his arguments come from a knowledge of the history of the language. The deadly aim he draws upon targets labeled Battered Ornaments, Elegant Variations and the like, warned a generation of speakers and writers against tawdry decorative effects. One cannot read Fowler even as recreation without picking up some of his concern for using words in their precise meanings and sharing his respect for the clean sentence.

Fowler himself, it must be admitted, sometimes wrote sentences that were not models of clarity. This is embarrassing to Fowlerites, and it was a disservice for Miss Nicholson to take the pious attitude that such lines, if not removed entirely, must stand as the master set them down. It is the duty of editors to see that authors do not appear in public print with uncombed hair and unmatched socks. Fowler's manner was often that of a sorely tried Olympian but he was not so conceited as to look upon the redrafting of some of his lines as an affront to his integrity.

Much of what the publishers say about the new version is true. It is an updated and faster Fowler and Miss Nicholson's shaping and shifting and pruning of the original text and her many entries dealing with the American vocabulary make her adaptation a new and different book. The original Fowler is to be kept in print. Get it as a first necessity. When the egg-money jar has another five dollars in it get the new book too.

Whose Enemy?

WYNDHAM LEWIS: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy. By Geoffrey Wagner. Yale University Press. 363 pages. $5.

Oscar Cargill

T. S. ELIOT has had a heart attack, Ezra Pound has been "put away" (to adopt a Yankee euphemism), and Wyndham Lewis is recently dead. The era of "definitive" studies, each more definitive than the last, is upon us. Eliot has presently his contending explicators in George Williamson and Grover Smith; Pound, his diligent elucidator and ideogramist in Hugh Kenner; and now Wyndham Lewis, the least significant of the three, has attracted the best interpreter of the lot in Geoffrey Wagner.

Unlike Williamson and Kenner, Wagner knows almost better than the participants themselves the rococo international background against which they cavorted, and with astonishing economy and compression produces a wonderful simulacrum of it in his book. Unlike the heavily-freighted Grover Smith, Wagner can write. In consequence, *Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy* is at once a learned and a palatable book; and because its pages are strewn with references to the other two writers, it is the best introduction to date of the rich soil of ideas (some of it very black muck) from which they sprouted.

THESE studies have, however, a common limitation—avoidance in varying degrees of the political aberrations, the reactionary violence, the bigotry of their literary heroes. Geoffrey Wagner attempts to do better than the others, as the subtitle of his volume perhaps suggests. But this "Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy" stresses Lewis, not as lacking in essential humanity, but as the editor of the iconoclastic periodical *The Enemy*. Lewis launched his magazine "to sow discord," to tweak vigorously the noses of the bourgeoisie, to present the artist as the "solitary outlaw," the natural foe of modern times in so far as they are opposed to genius. So infectious was this brave iconoclasm that even good latter-day critics have some suspicious-looking pustules. Starting boldly with Wyndham Lewis' "Politics," Wagner softly treads the wayward course of his "neoclassical political thought" (there's a real euphemism!), and feebly concludes, "Ultimately, the lesson of Lewis' political criticism is that a writer should not indulge in political criticism." Ultimately, the writer should be a eunuch?

Wagner's book, nevertheless, stirs in these dull roots, this April, some hope that we are on the threshold of a re-

OSCAR CARGILL is chairman of the Department of English at New York University.

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By EDWYN BEVAN

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WRITE FOR SPRING CATALOG

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The Greater Music

All things turned to Orpheus' hand.
Narcissi bloomed, and all at once,
the burning loveliness far underground,
then bloomed a retinue of bees; all hived

as in a greater self, intent on hearing
the sweetness of their lives, stilled
in that welling strain; and animals,
rapt as plungings of the sea,

admired in that pellucid glass
what they might be. But only Orpheus,
when the fierce hand plucked his strings,
could not consent to the divisions

of the lute. His breath, greeting
the stone-deaf, eager stones (though why
those fury-flying stones did not hear
and build into a tower of hearing

round his air I cannot tell), delighted
to be ript and strewn like tortured
peace out of that terrible grip,
a too rhapsodic for the mortal ear.

Yet as his head drifted down the stream,
the waters touched by that perfect lip
at once were set to dreaming, his course
the music they drank as from a golden cup.

T. Weiss

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turn to *full accountability* for any and every writer in criticism. In view of other disquisitions, his initial treatment of his subject's politics, though apologetic, is still a move in that direction, and perhaps the most notable change in the climate of opinion about the ivory-tower group of untouchables. It may be that the low pressure that has kept this literary area swathed in fog is moving out to sea. "You, of course," said a woman from St. Louis to Wyndham Lewis once, "are Mister Ivory Tower."

LIKE the other fugitives in that famous refuge, Wyndham Lewis was often at the sally-gate and his excursions were to many compass points. Wagner provides us with an excellent account of him as a futurist painter and propagandist, an editor, a writer of fiction, an opponent of Joyce, and a literary, as well as a social, polemicist. At best, the fairly well-informed reader in America has known only Lewis' violent novel *Tarr* and his highly suggestive, but carelessly written, pseudo-philosophical treatise *Time and Western Man*. Wagner gives us a long check-list of a writer who was really prolific and much enlightened commentary on all this production. But how much will really survive? There was so much heat in the man that it would seem that his ashes will remain warm forever. Yet of what will they remind us? Of a neglected and rewarding artist, or of the misguided author of *Hitler* and *The Art of Being Ruled?* About this spot in the mild spring air there lingers the stench of the bunker in the German Chancellery.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE MUSICAL community has quieted down since the days in the twenties when the League of Composers, the I.S.C.M. and a constellation of other organizations were beginning crusades on behalf of contemporary music. One might assume from this that the battles have been won—and certainly audiences are now able to listen to a twelve-tone work without blanching, and music such as Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps,* which once incited riots, has blended into the orchestral repertory.

From another point of view, however, a vital ingredient of excitement has been lost. As the routine now runs, a moderately apathetic public is informed that a new piece will be played; the concert takes place; reviews are written; and the occasion is promptly forgotten. So little excitement has been stirred up that even if the work in question should be a bombshell, it will quickly drop from mind. Ironically, it seems that in the act of getting a mass of composers' works before the public, we have dulled the drama and begun to blur individual personalities into a composite bore named "Modern Composer."

One of the most successful attempts to counter this effect was made in New York this season by a series of concerts called "Music In Our Time: 1900-1957." Organized and presented at the Kaufmann Auditorium (YMHA) by Max Pollikoff, who also participated as violinist, it comprised ten successive weekly programs, each listing the works of from three to five different composers. On the face of it, such massing of contemporary talent offers every opportunity for "levelling." But Pollikoff avoided this side-effect by extremely sensitive program arrangement, by insisting that the composers attend in person, and by his own manifest delight in contemporary music and its authors. Even the forums after each concert evaded the pitfalls of didacticism and simple pointlessness. Their purpose was not to inform, but to personalize, and in this they could succeed.

THE SERIES was further enlivened by its broad representation of idioms and age-groups. Roughly, four groups of composers were programmed — a top one, in terms of age and degree of establishment (Dallapiccola, Luening, Riegger, Sessions, Schoenberg, Stravinsky); a younger one (Binkerd, Brant, Goeb, Jones, Starer, Weber); an "on their way" group (Laderman, Overton, Smith, Wen-Chung); and a few unusually gifted composers in their early twenties (Johnson, Levy, Strilko). Even the American version of *Musique-Concrete* had its chance to sound forth in Ussachevsky's *Metamorphosis for Tape Recorder.*

Looking back, it is fairly easy to mark the peaks of interest. Roger Sessions' *Sonata for Solo Violin,* despite the extreme rigorousness of its twelve-tone idiom and its unbroken, half-hour length, was so masterly in conception and execution that it convinced the ears while in the very act of exhausting them. Wallingford Riegger's *Concerto for Piano and Woodwinds,* also an atonal work, was gentler in harmonic usage, though no less meticulous and exciting in contrapuntal and rhythmic play. The Israeli composer, Robert Starer, was represented by a *Duo for Violin and Viola,* which had its first public performance on the fourth concert. It was vivid music, a striking integration of Israeli (or pseudo Israeli) dance rhythms within an abstract, slightly Bartokian frame of reference. Among works from the youngest composers, the most impressive was a String Quartet by the Californian, David Johnson. Without claiming to have understood it completely, I was nevertheless struck by its unmistakable originality and its real expressive strength.

"Music In Our Time: 1900-1957" accomplished something of more than passing significance. In addition to presenting a great deal of contemporary music, it managed to focus attention upon itself as an enterprise and upon its composers as interesting creative entities. It stirred up some excitement, too, and that is no small achievement.

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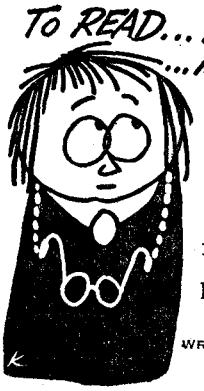

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TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

DUKE ELLINGTON'S history of jazz and *See It Now's* investigation of the Puerto Rican situation will each occupy sixty minutes on the CBS network next week (*See* TV Forecast). The juxtaposition is accidental, but it makes a point about the creative impulse in television. *See It Now* is the most successful of the shows in its area because it is an invention of the medium; it resembles the travelogue, the newsreel, the feature story, but it is not any of these. It capitalizes on the special qualities of television to develop a new way of exploring a place or a situation. And by now it operates with the smoothest of techniques, according to a defined policy—"It's *transportation* rather than *communication* that we attempt," says Murrow. Each show is a new riddle: according to Murrow again, Puerto Rico "has no precedent anywhere in the world . . . [it is] a complete political bastard." But it is a riddle for which the solutions are well-tested. This is not to say that *See It Now* always succeeds, or that setting down the peculiar problems of Puerto Rico as a place or the Puerto Ricans as a migrating people is an easy job. But it does mean that a good way for television to go about the job has been evolved from long experience.

Ellington's show—*A Drum Is a Woman* on the U.S. Steel hour—is in the position that Murrow and his colleague Friendly occupied some years ago. It will try to formulate a TV approach to another great area of audience interest—music. Orchestra telecasts, live opera, variety shows, spectaculars have been tried and have worked with varying success. But they are all adaptations *to* television, and not an invention out of television. The subject of the Ellington show is jazz, but its lasting importance (as opposed to its immediate success as entertainment) will depend on the groundwork it does for TV's approach to any major department of music.

A Drum Is a Woman is quite clearly an attempt to communicate—to bring the viewer one man's understanding of the music on which he has spent his life. Ellington has always done this—in the music he has written, the tours he has taken with his band, the records he has made. But the jump to television is something quite different for a musician. "I'm accustomed to getting an idea, and when I let it go it's in performance," the Duke comments. "In television there are so many departments that I have to be careful. I don't want to interfere with anyone else's department." Moving from bandstand or record to the screen requires the development of a new technique. This is difficult; it is risky. But it is also what the growth of television demands.

Winding up a two-week engagement with his band at Birdland in New York (where hundreds of Ellington fans sat entranced by such old favorites as "Mood Indigo" and "Sophisticated Lady"), the Duke prepared for his TV debut by appearing at Town Hall on a twin bill with the Philharmonic's Mitropoulos. For that occasion he wrote some Shakespeare program music, "Such Sweet Thunder," the title coming from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Such abrupt switch of musical scene is not unusual for Ellington. "I think there is more to jazz than the simple popular tune. People want to listen to something a bit more complicated . . . something which approaches classical standards. I want to entertain the people." With this in mind, he has written his fantasy-history of jazz. *A Drum Is a Woman* is the story of Caribee Joe and his drum which became a woman—Madam Zajj. Joe, the primitive, represents the African origins. Zajj loves him, but she leaves him to travel the world, adding to herself new dimensions and becoming the sophisticated siren known as jazz.

The interpretation of *Drum*, which contains more than a little spoofing of bop-type music, calypso, Dixieland, has been tackled by an assortment of specialists under director Norman Felton, each of whom thinks he can help to bring out what Ellington really means. Script writer Will Lorin, who is working the Duke's colorful language into a unifying script, regards Ellington as a great humorist. Choreographer Paul Godkin is working out dances that spring from the satire and fantasy of the music, and set designer Willard Levitas is working from the same premise.

Drum is aiming high. It will be TV's first attempt at a serious dramatic jazz hour (we can disregard NBC's *Manhattan Towers*, a dismal earlier effort). In the early rehearsal stages it looked like a good show—what remains to be seen is whether it it also a successful television idea.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 5 through 11

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 5

THE PUERTO RICANS—AMERICANS ON THE MOVE (CBS; See It Now) Comment above.

THE GOOD CITY (Johns Hopkins File 7). Dr. Robert Angell will use film to illustrate sociological factors which make American cities "good or bad."

Wednesday, May 8

A DRUM IS A WOMAN (CBS; U.S. Steel Hour). Comment above.

Thursday, May 9

HOMEWARD BORNE (CBS; Playhouse 90). Drama of an ex-GI who finds that his wife's adopted war orphan brings back painful memories. Linda Darnell, Richard Kiley, Keith Andes in the Halstead Welles play.

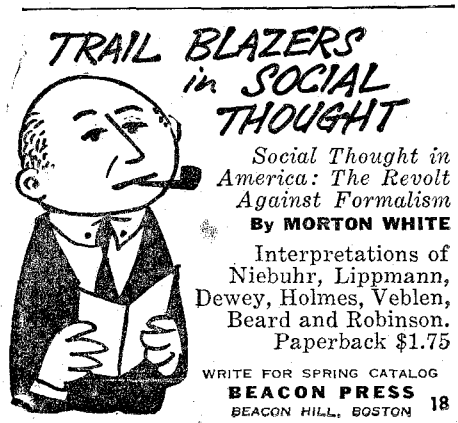
Saturday, May 11

MRS. AMERICA (ABC). This is the night of decision. America's perfect wife will be chosen from among 49 flawless spouses who have made the final round by exemplary homemaking, feminine charm and other virtues unlisted.

MR. BROADWAY (NBC; Saturday Color Carnival). A musical comedy portrait of George M. Cohan by Sam and Bella Spewack. Mickey Rooney, as Cohan, will sing and dance the old tunes; Eddie Foy, Jr., Teresa Brewer, Gloria de Haven, June Havoc, Roberta Sherwood and James Dunn are also in the cast. Paul Feigay is producing the Spewack TV debut.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 721

ACROSS: 10 ENTITLE; 11 INJURED; 12 OBLIVIOUS; 13 and 8 down COURT REPORTER; 14 THRIVE; 14 TRIMMING; 19 REGISTRY; 20 STAGES; 22 OPTIC; 23 CONVIVIAL; 25 ELATION; 26 APOSTLE; 27 TENNIS PLAYERS. DOWN: 2 NATAL; 3 ANTIVIVISECTION; 4 OREGON; 5 EMISSSARY; 6 OBJECT MATRIMONY; 7 REROUTING; 9 ADIT; 15 RIGHT FACE; 17 GASELIER; 18 TRACINGS; 21 ENTAIL; 22 and 1 across OPEN AND ABOVE BOARD. 24 INTER.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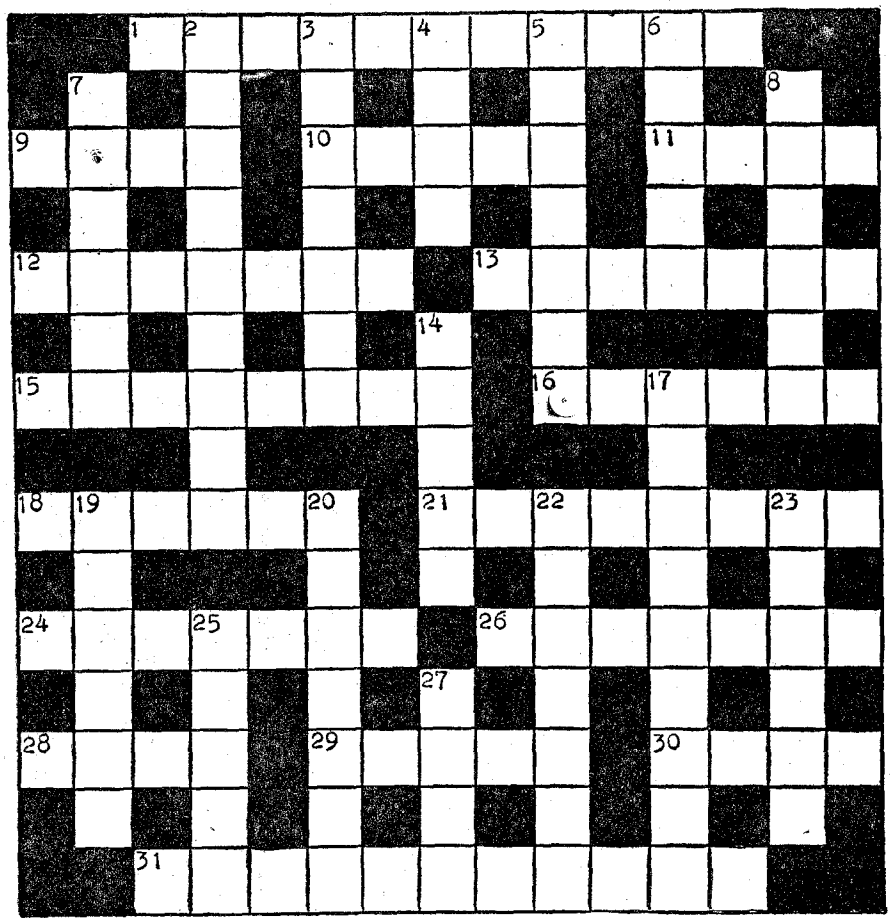
Crossword Puzzle No. 722

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Chip faces, but they enabled our fathers to scrape along a little more easily. (7, 4)
9 and 24 across Does it involve the screen press if you do? (4, 7)
10 Most advantageous environment for a four-footed animal. (5)
11 See 6 down
12 His conclusion may be one of innocence. (7)
13 Not free, if the 9-24 type. (7)
15 You will know this shortly without a tree being involved, and others of the kind. (8)
16 Outfit somewhat less than a dozen, perhaps for bunny. (6)
18 Turning points that show how to elevate oneself in the Civil Service. (6)
21 A coiling of letters for a very reasonable person. (8)
24 See 9 across
26 Relative to an impure form. (7)
28 Lots of papers make a bigger bore. (4)
29 See 17 down
30 Cudgel. (4)
31 The social standing of an underground worker might cause some annoyance. (11)

DOWN:

2 Workers see by getting up to dress. (9)
3 Quiver. (7)
4 and 27 down A rat seen elsewhere, but certainly not in the far west. (4, 4)
5 What sometimes goes with the head of 17 is on the carpet. (Grub with it.) (7)
6 and 11 across Monstrously jealous? (5-4)
7 U. S. port associated with French letters. (6)
8 Not so sure a way to hereafter as here. (6)
14 See 25 down
17 and 29 across Could be the result of a Rocky Mountain fever postmortem. (7, 2, 5)
19 Dispatched, by the way, or sent flying (6)
20 A broken sled is about to come in first, which is hardly to make a fair gain. (7)
22 Firing makes this in more than one way. (7)
23 A vehicle backed up to us, perhaps useful for the summer. (6)
25 and 14 down Time to assemble for common action, but not ecclesiastically. (10)
27 See 4 down

(See solution to last week's puzzle on p. 400.)

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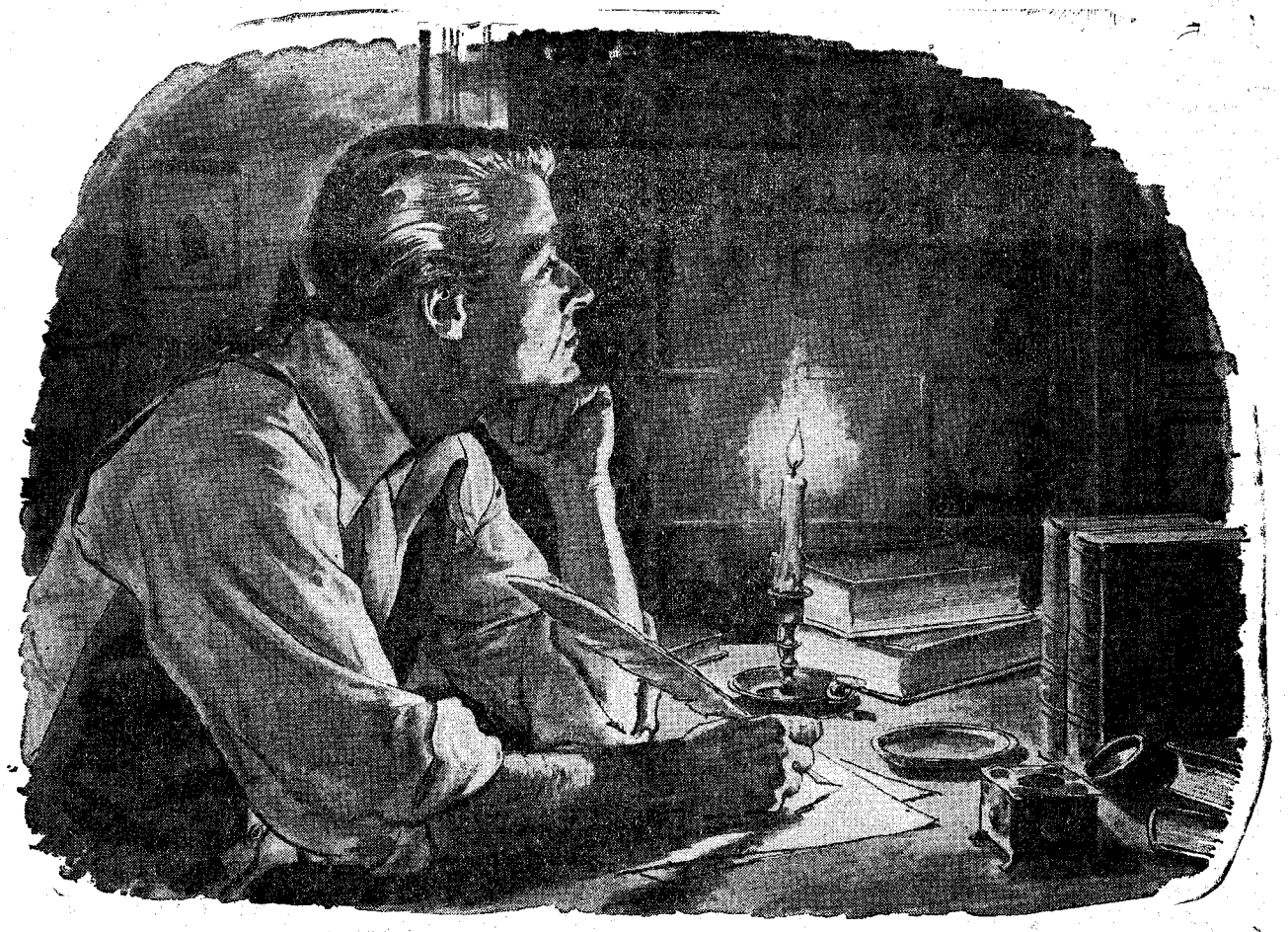

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